

## Murphy Peter "Tale Of The Tongue"

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The time is coming ripe  
We are running fast  
I see you coming closer  
Closer to the mask  
Come closer treat me softly  
Where can the dreamer be?  
How far we've come to know  
How much we've come to see  
And when I ask you softly  
Oh what the real men saw  
As I hit the roof again  
Oh what the dreamer saw  
The street still screams  
The street still screams of garbage thoughts  
The stain of anxious guys  
Still we glimpse the faintest note  
Of some battered somnambulant men  
Of the desire to know the whys  
The street still screams  
Fixed notions fashion them  
Their rules police the street  
No chance of Latin way  
Hold down to crude belief  
Lassoed in the charges' web  
Locked inside the nation's pride  
To boast the red of freedom's move  
They take the purple side  
I'm told from day to day  
Gaol slip from behind  
We are the guards of our mistakes  
Off and running blind  
So the dreamer speaks in time drunk wine  
Take the coming day  
If I seem to lag behind  
Whisper me the way  
The street still screams

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